

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 133.

DAILY EVENING STAR.

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BY
JOSEPH B. TATE.

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Encouragement to American Poetic Talent! \$500 Premium.

IMPRESSED as I am with the controlling influence which is exercised by the fine arts upon the direction and destiny of human affairs, it has given me infinite pleasure to witness the bountiful manner in which, from time to time, painting and statuary have been encouraged and rewarded by the Councils of the Nation.

But, while this acknowledgment is due to the discerning and worthy patrons of these noble, it is an equal source of humiliation and sorrow to behold the apparent apathy and indifference with which they seem to regard the incomparably more valuable creations of poetry.

To see them adorn the walls of the Capitol with the glowing revelations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chef d'œuvres of the chisel, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of refinement. But, whilst they lavish their thousands upon those immobile products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned creations of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever yet invited the Promethean fire of poetry to animat the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and wonder of proportion, lies asleep around the humble vault of Mount Vernon, ready to spring into life and beauty at the first kindling touch of this genial inspiration.

It surely were a work of supererogation to introduce the proofs that crowd the records of the past to show how far above all other stands the "divine art" of poetry. What are all the paintings, statues, and regalia of Versailles, of Fontainebleau and the Tuilleries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the kingly panoply of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the collections of the Royal Academy, or even the time hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Dibden, and Campbell? Or what has the world that we would take in exchange for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Well might the British statesman exclaim—"let me not write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

As far as the living, breathing man is above the cold insensate marble that is made to represent him; as far as the radiant skies of summer are above the perishable canvass to which the painter has transferred their feeble resemblance, so far is poetry above all other arts that have their mission to console and elevate and inspire the immortal mind of man.

In view of these facts, and considering the lamentable paucity of patriotic songs in my distinguished and beloved country, and with the hope of being the humble means of a proper public feeling upon this interesting subject, I have been induced to offer, and do hereby offer, the sum of five hundred dollars as a prize for the best National Poem, Ode or Epic.

The rules which will govern the payment of this sum, are as follows:

1st. I have selected (without consulting them) the following persons to act as judges or arbiters of the prize thus offered, namely:

The President of the United States.
Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.
Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.
Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, do
Hon. Jas. C. Jones, do
Hon. J. R. Chandler, of U. S. H. Reps.
Hon. Addison White, do do
Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do do
Hon. D. T. Disney, do do
Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.
D. J. W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.
D. Thos. Saunders.
Joseph Gales,
Gen. R. Armstrong, } of the Press.
Dr. G. Bailey,
W. W. Seaton.
Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.
Wm. Selden, late Treasurer of the U. S.
Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.
Rev. R. R. Gurley, Presbyterian Church.
Rev. S. S. Roswell, M. E. Church.
Rev. Mr. Donelan, Catholic Church.

2d. These gentlemen, or any three of them, are hereby authorized to meet at the Smithsonian Institution, on the second Monday of December next, at such hour as they may appoint, and there proceed to read and examine the various poems which may have been received, and to determine which of them is most meritorious and deserving of the prize. And I hereby bind myself to pay the sum aforementioned forthwith, to whoever they shall present to me as the person who has written, within the time prescribed, the best National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

3d. All communications must be sent to me at Washington (post paid) before the first Monday in December next, with a full and complete conveyance of the copyright to me and my heirs and assigns forever.

4th. I hereby bind and obligate myself to sell the poems thus sent to me as soon as practicable, for the highest price, and to give the proceeds to the poor of the city of Washington.

5th. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to this date, and received before the first Monday in December next.

R. W. LATHAM.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1853. feb. 17—

Light Kid Gloves, Black Nett Mitts, &c.
20 doz. Bajou's light colored Kid Gloves
10 do. white do.
15 doz. Black Nett Mitts
100 " Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,
every quality.

Call and see WM. R. RILEY,
corner 8th street, opposite the Market.
may 6—12

E. C. CARRINGTON.
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office, east wing of the City Hall.
feb 17

R. H. LASKEY,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.
Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth street.
dec 30

G. L. GIBERSON.
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office on Louisiana avenue, near 7th street.
jan 3—

WILLIAM H. BAUM,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
On Maryland Avenue, near Seventh Street.
IS PREPARED to undertake any kind of BUILDING. REPAIRING attended to with promptness.
ap 21—6w

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE.
DOWNS & HUTCHINGS, near Brown's Hotel, AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, keep constantly on hand all kinds of Housekeeping articles, FURNITURE, FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY, &c.
Also, a lot of Gold and Silver WATCHES and JEWELRY.
mar 26

NEW CIGAR STORE.
WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his new Store, corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and SNUFF.
Call and try for yourselves!
ap 25—tf

AVENUE HOUSE.
G. W. FRENCH & CO.,
(Late of French's Hotel, Norfolk, Va.)
THIS HOTEL, finished at great expense, is furnished throughout in the latest and best style. The rooms are large and airy, and every attention will be paid to the comfort of their guests. Families wishing board can be accommodated at reasonable rates.
The charge for day boarders will be Four dollars per week.
ap 11—tf

COOPER & MCGHAN,
PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers,
H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. MCGHAN is a practical Plumber from New York.
Call and see us.
ap 15

METROPOLITAN
HAT, CAP, AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT,
Penn. avenue, north side, near 15th street, WASHINGTON CITY.
EVANS has now on hand one of the best selected assortment of HATS, CAPS, FURS, GLOVES, and BONNETS, for Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths, and Children ever offered for sale in this city. Also, CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c.
His stock is all new, and he has determined to reduce his prices. Those now in want of any article in his store can economize by calling on
EVANS,
mar 9 near 13th street.

PHILIP BOTELER,
LIVERY AND SADDLERY STABLE,
D Street, between 8th and 9th streets, m 18—tf WASHINGTON.



HOWELL & MOORE,
(Successors to Oliver Whiteley.)
DEALERS IN
OILS, LAMPS, GLASSES, & WICKS,
of every description,
PAINTS, VARNISH, BRUSHES, & GLASS.
Artists' Materials of every description.
Todd's Buildings, C street.
may 23—tf WASHINGTON.

JESSE SISSON.
CIGAR, SNUFF, AND TOBACCO STORE,
Corner of 7th st. and Maryland avenue,
Every variety and the best quality constantly on hand.
may 23—1w

L. F. BUTTS.
TIN, SHEET IRON, & COPPER SMITH,
Near the corner of 7th and F streets, Island.
All orders punctually attended to.
may 20—tf

MAGUIRE, Fashionable Hatter,
North side Penn. av., two doors below 4th st.
Would inform his customers and the public that he has just opened a very large assortment of Spring and Summer HATS and CAPS, of the latest styles, to which he would call their attention; among which are, Superior Molekin, Silk, Cassimere, and Slouch HATS; Drab, Beaver, Brush, and Pearl HATS; Panama, Leghorn, Canton, Braid, German, Sennet, Palm Leaf, and other STRAW HATS; Children's Fancy do.; Boys' and Youths' HATS, of all styles and qualities. Also, Wool and other Common HATS. All of which he will sell at very low prices. Those wishing to purchase anything in his line, will do well by calling at
MAGUIRE'S,
m 13 Pennsylvania avenue.

The Old Farm Gate.
BY RICHARD COE.
I love it! I love it! and oft pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye,
As backward I gaze on the days that are past,
Too sunny and joyous and happy to last:
Oh! my life was young and my spirit elate
In the time that I dwelt by the old farm gate!

How oft have I mounted the old gate astride,
With a rope and a stick, for a frolicsome ride;
And when it would open with slow gentle force,
"Gee! whoa!" would cry to my gay mimic horse!

Who, as merry as I, as I fearlessly sate
On the broad topmost rail of the old farm gate?
And by turns we would ride on a "real live horse!"
We called his name "Raven," so black was his gloss;
And our plump little pony, so frolic and wild
When he carried a man, was never so mild
If he knew my sweet sister, the pert little Kate
Was to ride on his back from the old farm gate.

And Towler, our little dog Towler, was there,
With his bark of delight sounding loud on the air;
And if we were happy as happy could be,
Little Towler, I'm sure, was as happy as we;
We wept when he died, and we laid him in state
At the foot of the tree by the old farm gate.

Long before we grew up my kind father died,
And soon my dear mother was laid by his side;
Then Tommy, and next my sweet little sister;
Oh! how did we weep as we bent o'er and kissed her.

And Willie will have it he saw little Kate
Pass homeward to God through the old farm gate.

I love it! I love it! and still pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye;
As backward I gaze on the days that are past,
And wonder if I may yet rest me at last
With father and mother, and sweet little Kate
In the churchyard back of the old farm gate.

The Little Emigrant.
BY MRS. MARIANNE DENISON.

Carry O'Moore, they called her—the stout couple to whom he was child, fortune, everything. I called her mavourneen—a name she seemed to like mightily. Others, again, according to their different tastes, named her "Pet," "Lilly," "Bird," and sweet love words that suited well her gentle nature.

Carry O'Moore! she was the light of that ship's company. Not one of her coarse countrymen, rich in brogue and blouse, but took his smoky pipe from his lips to give Carry a word of endearment. Even the old cook, a stumpy, dumpy fellow, with a temper as crooked as his tongue, (and that was Dutch,) let his face down into the edge of a good natured smile, every time she thrust her sunny brow in the old caboose.

Among the cabin passengers in the good ship Speed-Eagle, were two childless old people. Under the shadow of an awful dignity, they looked out upon the little world surrounding them, with a high bred composure, in which was concentrated the very quintessence of aristocracy. They were rich, proud, and of high family. This was the reason why, when every eye sparkled at the innocent pranks of Carry O'Moore, they never let the child more than touch the hem of their garments. But one day Carry was irresistible. She would slide up to the old couple—(I own I encouraged her) and peep out of the edges of her blue eyes, holding on one side her beautiful head, till the long bright lashes over-pencilled the soft arching eye-brows. I noted, every time she shook back those golden tresses—she had true English beauty, flaxen hair and pink and white complexion—their eyes followed the tremulous gleam that waved from the crown to the tips of the curls. Presently a small, white, ungloved hand was out-held, and Carry's dimpled fingers nestled in the half-doubting clasp.

"I did not before notice that the child was so beautiful," said the old lady, losing her general air of composure, as she turned to her husband. Then again she bent down, looked searchingly into those glorious eyes, ventured to stroke back the silken locks, and gave her husband another mysterious look, as she said:

"Does she not make you think of—"
"For heaven's sake!" interrupted her husband, "say no more. The thought struck me too—but that is so far beneath her—a little Irish beggar, or at best a bog-child, should bear any resemblance to our lost darling—the thought is insupportable." And he turned away with the pride of twenty noble generations mantling his lofty brow.

Notwithstanding this "holy horror," the child seemed every day to win a nearer and surer place in the hearts of the aged couple. The old man grew quite uneasy if the beautiful smile failed to greet him as often as he ascended from the cabin. I noticed also some little luxury added from time to time to the scanty wardrobe of the pretty Carry; and at last, some few days before we came within sight of land, she was almost constantly near them, won, as children are, by play-things and gifts that enhanced her wonderful beauty. Among the latter was a little blue silk hat, with a delicate gossamer feather, that looked as if it might have been locked away as some precious memento; and a little light crimson scarf, with a pair of blue shoes.

To see her tripping along in her new attire, so pleased, so childishly proud, gave a sort of quiet happiness to every one on board.

At length came long conferences between the stout, smiling, Irish mother, and the haughty old couple.

After every interview, each party seemed sadder; and the young mother often came away with red eyes.

I could imagine to what all this was tending, but I was not prepared for the issue when it came, for I learned that these Irish parents had given away their little girl, and the necessary papers having been signed, she was no longer in their possession. I own I was startled, and felt as much indignation at the act, as grief for the mother, who after the last preliminary was through, fell upon her husband's shoulder, exclaiming—

"Oh! Dennis, Dennis, ye should not have persuaded me to this—my own one, my wee one—my heart's own life and love—oh! Dennis, I'll never be happy again."

To which he answered her with soothing words, whispering that in the love and care of their new-born babe, she would find solace. And then their daughter would be a lady, rich, educated—what had they to give her? How could they turn aside the temptations that might be thrown around their beautiful one?

But the mother's heart would not be comforted; she grew pale and spiritless; and the day of landing—when the little one was cared for wholly by her foster-parents—when the magnificent carriage drove up to the dock—when the child, ignorant of her destiny, was placed within, and held out her little hands, saying, "now mama,"—I cannot, I will not attempt the scene of her emotion. It seemed as if her very heart died within her, and she was carried, half fainting, from the wharf.

It was some three years after the adoption of the little emigrant. She had outgrown her infancy; her loveliness increased with each coming day. Unbounded wealth lay at her command, child as she was. Her foster-parents loved her with a love that was near idolatry. She was the charm of the household, and far and near was she spoken of as that beautiful Rose Ringold.

At times, a thin, stooping figure might be seen gliding along by the princely old mansion, and going stealthily to the back door-way of Judge Ringold's wealthy home. There, from the kitchen, through the kindness of the servant, the poor mother caught now and then a glimpse of her lost child. With her fair hair falling in long, trained curls, glossy as silken sheen, about her pretty shoulders, and the dainty air that luxury bestows, she looked, in her rich robes, like an angel to the stricken mother. Stricken! for alas! she was childless now. Her grief had smoothed the shroud and prepared the grave for her infant last born, and she knew but little comfort otherwise, save in this stolen pleasure.

Consternation fell upon the household of the proud judge. A scourge, such as none had whispered save with trembling, seized their beautiful Rose. Not one could be found to take charge of their darling, save the agonized mother, who, on her knees, prayed so wildly for the privilege, they at last consented.

Many days and nights dragged on: wailing notes struck the fond ear; death hovered by, casting the shadow of his dark wing on the sunny brow and the gentle heart; but her own darling laid on her bosom, from whence she had been taken—and every breath of the poor mother, was a prayer of thanksgiving. Death came at last—but it was the old judge whom it called to his last account; and again came death, to summon the foster-mother of Rose.

Now, indeed, the bond seemed broken; but it was not so. The promise, sacred as an oath, that had been exacted from the trembling mother, when she begged this her great boon, she held sacred still. Her child recovered; all the fortune of the old judge, it was found, was left by will to his little Rose—left in responsible hands until she should arrive at a suitable age to reclaim it.

Little knew the lovely child—the graceful girl—the beautiful, though proud and imperious woman—that under her own root, the person of that pale, bowed down servant, to whom she, the wilful, petted creature, clung with a love for which she could never account, dwelt her own mother—the mother who had given her birth.

"I cannot imagine what is the matter with nurse," said Rose to her lover thoughtfully, one day. It was the eve of her wedding day; more beautiful than ever—perfectly queen-like in her regal loveliness—she was to give heart and hand to one who had long loved her—a "man of perfect pattern"—and the soul of honor.

"I found her crying over a little pair of stubbed shoes, and one of the most comical little frocks—a sort of antediluvian relic. And then she follows me round so closely, and watches me so curiously—

poor soul! she feels bad because I am to leave her, I suppose; and really I could hardly be more attached to my own mother."

Happening to go "down stairs, as her foot was on the threshold of the parlor door, she was arrested by smothered sobbing. Her nurse was standing before the portrait of Rose, as she was when a little child of five years.

"O! it's hard, it's hard," she sobbed, wringing her hands with all the abandon of grief—"and me her own mother. And yet I wouldn't spoil her pleasure, poor child! I'd die first—and I wouldn't bear the pain of my own refusing me. O! why didn't I die, and be put in the coffin with you, Dennis? why, my Father, didn't I die when I did the cruel deed?—But hush, hush! didn't I save her precious life? Haven't I seen her day by day all the years after? Isn't it blessed just to be a servant to a creature so beautiful? Such a proud, glad, happy creature, with all her wealth, is my own darling: may the holy angels—"

Turning, she uttered a wild shriek, for, looking almost ghastly in her sudden anguish, Rose Ringold stood, as if transfixed to marble. But with a strong effort, the noble girl checked her pride.

"Don't be frightened, nurse; sit down, dear nurse," she said calmly, so calmly that her white lips hardly moved: "I had a dream just now, that was not perhaps all a dream." She shook the curls from her pale face, pressed her hands together, and continued:

"I have not had such thoughts for years; but I seemed a little, happy child on the deck of a vessel. It comes to me now, all comes back to my heart. The bright, handsome woman that I called mother; the dear old people who loved me so; the crowds of uncouth, but honest men and women: the last time I was pressed to her heart; my cries after mama: my grief for her, lasting days, weeks, even years; my adaptation to a home of splendor, and consequent forgetfulness of a child's deep sorrow. And now I look at you," she continued with a sweet smile, taking the trembling hand in hers, "I remember more; for to my inmost heart comes the memory of my mother's face, changed, yet oh! the same. Her eyes were blue and bright; yours are blue and faded. Her cheek was richly colored; yours is pale and sunken. But oh! I feel you are the same; you are my mother; I am your child; why did you not tell me before?" And winding her arms about that neck, as the weary head laid on her bosom, she whispered, "did you think I should be ashamed of you? ashamed of her who bore me? Mother, you did me injustice; were I twice the haughty one I have been, I could not be so lost to humanity. From this moment you are my loved and honored parent. Oh! tell me why you have not always been so? I thought some great tie bound us."

And she was told all—in few and broken words, for the mother's heart, strong though it was, could hardly bear this excess of joy.

When she narrated how like a guardian angel she had hovered about her, bearing her through a disease from which few recover, and with her love and care preserving her beauty; guarding her in her humble capacity from immoral taint, the whole soul of the daughter melted before such wonderful heroism; she could have bathed her very feet in tears of love and humiliation.

Sufficient to say that she from that hour, henceforth, as bride, wife, and parent, treated her mother with almost holy veneration; and her husband united in making her earthly father as happy as mortal could desire. The little emigrant lives yet, honored and respected; and in the most sacred niche for her household treasures hang a clumsy little pair of child's shoes, and a frock, unique, ancient, and worn with change and age.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.—Cornelius Vanderbilt's steam pleasure yacht, the North Star, sailed recently on a grand voyage to the principal ports of Europe. She is a superb vessel and superbly furnished. Mr. V. takes with him his wife, his sons, daughters, sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, besides Rev. Dr. Choules and Dr. Linsley and their wives—in all, twenty-four passengers. They go first to Southampton, then to London, afterwards to the Baltic and up the Neva. Then the North Star will go to Gibraltar, and visit all the chief ports in the Mediterranean. The entire cost of the pleasure trip, inclusive of the steamer, is estimated at half a million of dollars, all of which is borne by Commodore Vanderbilt himself. Some of the bankrupt princess of the old world will be amazed at the imperial splendor of an American merchant prince's mode of travel. The merchant prince, be it remembered, began life as a deck-hand on a schooner.

Miss Snodgrass, the feminine in prats, took her departure from Buffalo on Monday night, on the eastern cars. She seems to regret her transformation, and pants for home, friends, forgiveness and petticoats.